

# The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,  
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are respectfully requested to pay their  
Subscriptions to the 25th of September, to our publisher,  
otherwise their names will be erased from the list, and the  
transmission of the paper discontinued.

## GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

XXXIII.

OFTEN, ye gods, ye profess yourselves great friends to the poet—  
Give him, then, what he requires; many but just are his wants.  
Give him a kindly abode, good eating and excellent drinking:  
Germans of nectar can judge equally well with yourselves.  
Let him have friends for agreeable chat, and a suitable raiment;  
Grant him a mistress besides, loving from depths of her heart.  
These five natural things, great gods, I require in the first place;  
Then give knowledge of tongues, ancient as well as the new:  
Thus I would learn all the doings and dealings of various people;  
Give me a soul to perceive all they have done in the arts;  
Give me respect with the mob—let me have, too, weight with the mighty;  
Give me then—anything else which it seems pleasant to take.  
Good, I thank ye already—the happiest mortal's completed  
Now; for the most that I ask you have already bestowed. J. O.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER—ITALIAN OPERA—JENNY LIND

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Saturday last, the *Lucia di Lammermoor* of Donizetti was given for the first time entire in Manchester, with a *tout ensemble* and a completeness never before arrived at in our city. It was the first appearance of Mlle. Jenny Lind this autumn, the first appearance of Signor Belletti, and the first appearance of the French tenor, M. Roger; all which attractions contributed no doubt to draw together a most brilliant audience within the walls of our Theatre Royal. The prices were far more moderate than those of last year, being an approach to the same scale as at Her Majesty's Theatre, viz:—Dress Circle and Pit Stalls, 21s.; Upper Circle, 15s.; Pit, 10s. 6d.; Gallery, 5s.; and Upper Gallery, 2s. 6d. In all the best and reserved portions of the house there was not a seat vacant, and with another hundred or two in the galleries there would have been no standing room unoccupied—not a bad start for Messrs. Lumley and Knowles, whose joint speculation this autumnal trip is said to be. The *Lucia* is a very fine opera *seria*, the finest serious opera of Donizetti's we have heard in Manchester, the *Lucrezia Borgia* not having been done yet; the cast and getting up was altogether first-rate. Jenny Lind was, of course, the Lucia; Belletti, Enrico, Roger, Edgardo; and F. Lablache, Bidebent; the subordinate characters being respectably filled, and the chorus chiefly supplied from Her

Majesty's Theatre. The orchestra also derived most valuable aid from the same source—Piatti, Lavigne, Anglaise, and some half a dozen others whose names are not familiar to us—with Nadaud as leader, and Balfe as conductor. We Mancunians cannot agree with your Mr. Desmond Ryan: Jenny Lind was never raised to such a ridiculous pitch of idolatry and adulation by us; at the same time her talents were fairly admitted, and her wonderful vocalization, her brilliant voice, and her energetic, truthful acting, won the applause and excited the admiration of all who heard and saw her here a twelvemonth ago. Her performance of Lucia on Saturday delighted every body. Her singing was admirable throughout: her opening scena, "Ancor non giunse," with its aria, "Perchè non ho del vento," was splendidly delivered; and she threw great pathos into the passage, "Torna, torna, o caro oggetto." The scene with Edgardo, including the duet, "Sulla tomba," and the well-known bit, a *duo* (as the libretti have it), "Veramo a te sull' aura," was beautifully sung by Jenny Lind and Roger. The latter artist could not well have made a more favourable *début* before a Manchester audience. His singing so well up to the great soprano shewed that he had powers of no mean order, and that, in securing the services of the French tenor, the management had secured the only one able to supply Gardoni's place (Mario being quite out of the question) efficiently. Roger's personal appearance is somewhat against him, being so short and stout, with a round, good-natured sort of face, not calculated to give expression to the sorrow and passion of the unfortunate Edgardo. He has a pleasing, but not very powerful voice, sings with great taste and refinement, and in his attitudes and action (not in his *roulades*) reminded us much of Rubini, especially that of throwing out both his arms as he finishes a strain. We like Roger much; he is a conscientious, clever artist, and never offends by straining after effect. In the celebrated malediction scene he seemed to want force to give effect to his conception of the part: still he was very effective throughout, and sang the "Fra poco" very finely. His dying bit—the "Tue che a dio spiegasti l'ali"—was most affecting for its tenderness; he always sings with feeling, and attention to the character or the scene he is engaged in, and in this respect he resembles the Swedish Nightingale; her attention may be at times even too great—as Mr. Ryan will have it—and her acting in some portions of the *Lucia* may from that very cause want repose, but it is hyper-criticism to say so. Belletti made a most successful *début* also: he has a fine resonant barytone voice, that tells even in recitative most remarkably, and he is an energetic clever actor. His opening song, the "Cruda, funesta smania," gave us a very favourable impression both of his style and voice, which his singing in the rest of the opera fully confirmed. His duet with Lucia was perhaps his greatest success of the night. "Se tradirmi tu potrai"—the climax of the opera—was most admirably worked out: we never heard anything more deliciously given than the trio in this most effective scene, with

the subdued chorus—indeed the whole of the concerted music left nothing to be desired; it made a glorious finale to the second act. The third act falls off in interest, and—we do not know why—the duet for Enrico and Edgardo was omitted. This mad scene was given with painful fidelity by Miss Lind; and the closing scene by Roger we have before alluded to. The recalls and applause were as numerous and as great as ever; and at the last Roger had to drag on the Nightingale (who had meantime changed her dress, ready to leave the Theatre), and she evidently was unwilling to again appear. However, in her simple black silk dress she again made her courtesy and received a veritable shower of bouquets. Monday we had the *Sonnambula*, and the Theatre was more crowded than ever: the stalls in the pit, which extended over seven rows of benches on Saturday, were elastic, it appears, for on Monday they were ten, and all crammed full—in fact, galleries and every part of the house were the same. The opera went off most spiritedly—the Lisa and Alessio being very indifferently done, were the only exceptions. Belletti sang “Vi ravviso” in such style as we never heard it given before. Jenny Lind was as great as ever in the “Come per me,” “Ah non credea,” “Ah non giunge;” recalled after each act, and encoired at the last; in fact, such enthusiasm we never before witnessed in a Manchester Theatre. We ought to state that Signor F. Lablache gave his small part of Bidebent in the *Lucia* some importance by his careful acting and excellent singing; and the choruses were excellent in both operas. The orchestra was short of power in the stringed department, but some of the soli passages for flute, oboe, clarinet, violoncello, &c., were most delicately and delightfully played. It has been altogether a great treat to we Manchester folks; and Mr. Ryan must excuse us for differing with him—we even want to see Jenny in *Norma*.

#### ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DESPITE the political warmth and party feeling which for some time has prevailed in Dublin to the exclusion of almost all other sentiments and opinions, the engagement of an Italian company, which included the names of Grisi and Mario, has turned the attention of the Irish metropolitan public from discord and discussion to concord and music. A change has come o'er the temper of the inhabitants: Grisi and Mario, with their excellent adjutants, have converted the gloomiest into the most smiling weather. In short they have brought sun-shine with them, metaphorically and literally.

*Norma* was performed on Tuesday week, and made a glorious opening for the company. Grisi, of course, was the *Norma*, Mario was the Pollio, Tagliafico the Oroveso, and Mdlle. Vera the Adalgisa. The crowd was immense. Two hours before opening the doors, every avenue was besieged. Every place in the theatre was taken. The effect that Grisi produced on her Irish audience, by her grandest dramatic performance, may be readily imagined. I thought at first that she appeared to labour under the effects of illness, or, which was more likely, that she was suffering from the fatigues of her passage, for she did not seem to sing with her wonted power and energy; and there was about her an appearance of lassitude, which, though it made her look infinitely more lovely, did not invest her with much tragic grandeur. All the apparent wearisomeness, however, disappeared long before the “Casta Diva” was completed, the applause of the audience seeming to recall her to herself. The first scene with Pollio,

when *Norma* discovers his infidelity, absolutely drove the people frantic. Talk of your English enthusiasm, or allude to the first night of Grisi's *Norma* at Covent Garden Theatre, when she heard Jenny Lind was in the house, and knew that the Nightingale herself was about to play the part, when John Bull was moved indeed beyond his apathy, and showed himself for the nonce a very excitable beast—why his enthusiasm was not a faint echo of Paddy's *furor* on Tuesday night at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street. The plaudits must have continued for upwards of five minutes after this magnificent scene. Grisi was evidently lifted up to a corresponding state of excitement as she exerted herself to the utmost, and, to my thinking, never went through the part with greater energy or with more effect. Her reception when she entered in the first scene was tremendous. The audience rose *en masse*, and cheered her standing. The numerous recalls, and the encores, and the bouquets—things of course, and now bestowed on all grades of artists—need not be mentioned. It is enough to state that Grisi's *Norma* was a complete triumph from beginning to end. A hardly less enthusiastic reception was awarded to Mario than Grisi. Pollio is not a part exactly suited to Mario, nor is it one, if it did suit him, in which the great tenor could be heard to the best advantage. The music is heavy and uninteresting, nor, until the duet in the last act does the composer appear to have thrown away a musical idea upon Pollio beyond the trite and commonplace. Mario sang very finely, and in the last scene nothing could surpass his acting and singing. He is amazingly improved in his acting. I am inclined to think in this respect he is superior to any tenor I have seen.

Tagliafico made a most favorable impression in Lablache's part, Oroveso. He has a fine sonorous bass voice of good compass, and vocalizes with great skill. In the chorus of the introduction he sang his *moreau* with immense effect, and was much applauded. He was still better in the solo, “Si parlerà terribile,” in the second act, in which he came out with a power and breadth of style only inferior to Lablache the Great.

Of Mdlle. Vera I can say much that is very favorable. She has a most pleasing voice, and sings with nice taste and feeling. She was greatly applauded in Adalgisa.

The orchestra was indifferent good, and the chorus likewise. The *mise en scene* was worthy a Theatre Royal.

On the following night (Wednesday week) the *Puritani* brought as large a crowd. Mario, on this night, divided the honors with Grisi. He was in glorious voice, and, as I heard a young lady say who sat next me, “sang like an angel.” Tagliafico supported the character of Giorgio excellently, and left nothing to be desired. Signor Ciabatta must not be criticised too closely in Riccardo. His appearance is gentleman-like in the extreme, and he sings with the expression and judgment of a musician. The *Puritani* created nearly as great a *furor* as the *Norma*. Grisi was tumultuously applauded throughout, especially in the mad scene, which was acted with astonishing force and reality.

On Friday the *Gazza Ladra* was given, and on Saturday the *Sonnambula*. Ninetta, in the former opera, is one of Grisi's masterpieces. She has identified herself with the character so much, that we cannot talk of one and not think of the other. The beauties of her performance are sufficiently known to all the readers of the *Musical World* to warrant me in merely hinting at its unavoidable and splendid success; but of the *Sonnambula*, in which Grisi, if I remember right, has not appeared for eight or nine years, I think a few particulars will not be uninteresting.



[We must take leave to notice, in this place, that our correspondent's hand-writing is so illegible that we are frequently left to guess at his meaning; that his letter bears no date; and that the days on which the individual operas were given are omitted. We must, therefore, be permitted to grope in the dark, and the reader must grant us his pardon if, in the obscurity, the simple fact escapes us.—*Ed. M. W.*]

From the delicious opening aria to the thrilling "Ah non giunge," nothing could surpass the truth and feeling of Grisi's acting, or the blended delicacy, sweetness, and power that characterised her interpretation of the delightful music of the composer. In the second act, her duet with Mario drew down an enthusiastic encore; and the celebrated and trying finale was also a second time repeated, in compliance with a demand too imperative to be resisted. Those who were listeners to the celebrated scena, "All is lost now," as delivered by Mario, will not readily forget the impression it created. It was rendered with a combined pathos, delicacy of execution, and passionate energy, that, aided by the music of his voice, left nothing more to be wished for even by the most critical. Middle. Vera was an effective representative of Lisa. The Count Rodolpho of Signor Tagliafico was an animated and clever performance, and the fine tones of his rich voice were heard to advantage in the well-known "Vi ravviso," which was loudly encored.

Last night Donizetti's opera buffa of *Don Pasquale* was produced with the most unequivocal success; for while the incidents are most amusing, and the dilemmas of the old bachelor the cause of continued mirth, the music is of a brilliant and buoyant character, never becoming dull or wearying to the ear. I much regret that the pressure on my spare time prevents me from giving a detailed notice of the admirable performance of the Italian artistes in this opera. Grisi's acting was the perfect impersonation of all that is arch, charming, and animated; and the music, affording a fine opportunity for the display of that flowing and voluptuous style of vocalization in which she is without a rival, was splendidly given. Of Mario it may be sufficient to observe, that the single serenade, "Come e gentil," which is one of the gems of the opera, was well worthy even the advanced price of admittance. Mario sang it with such admirable purity and beauty of voice, that again and again he had to repeat it, and each time the audience seemed more desirous to hear the strain anew, until a feeling of consideration for the individual imposed its restraint, and silenced the plaudits. Tagliafico made a decided impression by the impersonation of Don Pasquale, displaying an appreciation for the ludicrous and humorous that told at once; and the music appeared so well adapted for his voice, and was therefore executed with breadth and effect, even though he laboured under the great disadvantage of coming after one who is identified with the character. Ciabatta filled the remaining part, that of Doctor Malatesta, singing with correct taste, and acting with gentlemanly ease and self-possession. All the best *morceaux* of the opera were loudly encored, and the curtain fell at the conclusion of the finale amidst enthusiastic plaudits from the entire audience, and the usual compliments were paid to the principal artistes on their appearance before the curtain.

I have but to add that Mr. Benedict conducted with the greatest satisfaction to all concerned, and that his concert takes place to-day.

[When was last night, and when was to-day? There is a jumble of dates here entirely beyond our comprehension. We request of our correspondent to be a little more particular in future.—*Ed. M. W.*]

## SONNET.

NO. CI.

"The inner wakefulness over ourselves is the conscious spirit. It is like the sun on the billowy sea; looking through it with his beams, he reflects his light in it without losing himself and his clearness."—*Fichte the Younger.*

Look on the world, deck'd in its motly vest  
Of colours—changing oft from grave to gay,  
As something that can melt and pass away,  
While firm on thine own centre thou canst rest.  
Although thy soul, by flooding dreams possess'd,  
May, willing or unwilling, be their prey,  
A voice, which tells thee thou art more than they,  
Is ever speaking plainly in thy heart.  
That self is not thy very self which, tost  
On the world's billows till its course be run,  
Must ever restless, ever weary be:  
It but reflects a self which never lost,  
Shines in full radiance, like the deathless sun,  
Who views his image broken by the sea.

N. D.

## LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τρι γὰρ ἡ μίμησις πᾶσι τοῖς σπουδαῖς καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος χρόνου, ἥδ' ὁμοίᾳ λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἑκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς αἰσίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ ἐν ἀπαγγελίας, δι' αἰδίου καὶ φόβου περιειρησά τῶν τοιούτων πᾶ θεμάτων κάθαρσιν.—*Aristotle.*

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 581.)

5. Even when Aristotle speaks of the unfitness of a totally depraved person for a tragic hero, seeing that his misfortune can excite neither pity nor fear, Corneille comes in with his explanations. Pity, he admits, such a character could not excite, but certainly it can excite fear. For although none of the spectators feel themselves capable of his vices, and therefore end his entire misfortune, any one of them may harbor an imperfection similar to those vices, and may learn to be upon his guard by a fear of consequences, proportioned indeed to the degree of imperfection, but still calamitous.

But all this is based on the false notion which Corneille had of the purification of the passions to be effected. For I have already shewn that the excitement of pity is inseparable from the excitement of fear, and that he could possibly excite our fear, must excite our pity also. Now if he cannot excite the latter—which Corneille himself admits—neither can he excite the former, and his tragedy. Nay, Aristotle considers him still more unfitted for the totally virtuous man; for if a hero of good is not to be had, he says expressly that a better reference to a worse. The cause is clear: good and yet have more than one weakness, no fault, by which he plunges himself into a path where there is no apparent escape, and which is the natural consequence of his fault. It is the use of vicious persons in tragedy, the same thing as Corneille; Du Bos only as inferior characters, as mere instruments to render the principal characters less criminal;—in short, as a mere foil. But Corneille will have the chief

the subdued chorus—indeed the whole of the concerted music left nothing to be desired; it made a glorious finale to the second act. The third act falls off in interest, and—we do not know why—the duet for Enrico and Edgardo was omitted. This mad scene was given with painful fidelity by Miss Lind; and the closing scene by Roger we have before alluded to. The recalls and applause were as numerous and as great as ever; and at the last Roger had to drag on the Nightingale (who had meantime changed her dress, ready to leave the Theatre), and she evidently was unwilling to again appear. However, in her simple black silk dress she again made her courtesy and received a veritable shower of bouquets. Monday we had the *Sonnambula*, and the Theatre was more crowded than ever: the stalls in the pit, which extended over seven rows of benches on Saturday, were elastic, it appears, for on Monday they were ten, and all crammed full—in fact, galleries and every part of the house were the same. The opera went off most spiritedly—the Lisa and Alessio being very indifferently done, were the only exceptions. Belletti sang “*Vi ravisso*” in such style as we never heard it given before. Jenny Lind was as great as ever in the “*Come per me*,” “*Ah non credea*,” “*Ah non giunge*,” recalled after each act, and encored at the last; in fact, such enthusiasm we never before witnessed in a Manchester Theatre. We ought to state that Signor F. Lablache gave his small part of Bidebent in the *Lucia* some importance by his careful acting and excellent singing; and the choruses were excellent in both operas. The orchestra was short of power in the stringed department, but some of the soli passages for flute, oboe, clarinet, violoncello, &c., were most delicately and delightfully played. It has been altogether a great treat to us Manchester folks; and Mr. Ryan must excuse us for differing with him—we even want to see Jenny in *Norma*.

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Look on the world, deck'd in its motly vest  
Of colours—changing oft from grave to gay,  
As something that can melt and pass away,  
While firm on thine own centre thou canst rest.  
Although thy soul, by flooding dreams possess'd,  
May, willing or unwilling, be their prey,  
A voice, which tells thee thou art more than they,  
Is ever speaking plainly in thy heart.  
That self is not thy very self which, tost  
On the world's billows till its course be run,  
Must ever restless, ever weary be:  
It but reflects a self, which never lost,  
Shines in full radiance, like the deathless sun,  
Who views his image broken by the sea.

N. D.

## LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τρι γὰρ ἐκείνη μὴσις πρὸς τὴν σπουδαίαν καὶ τελείαν, μέγιστος χρόσις, ἥδυσμαί ῥ' λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκαστοῦ τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς αἰσίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ ἐν ἀπαγγελίας, δι' εἰδῶν καὶ φόβου περαινόνσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων καὶ θημάτων κάθαρσιν.—*Aristotle.*

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction,—with different forms in different parts,—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 581.)

5. Even when Aristotle speaks of the unfitness of a totally depraved person for a tragic hero, seeing that his misfortune can excite neither pity nor fear, Corneille comes in with his explanations. Pity, he admits, such a character could not excite, but certainly it can excite fear. For although none of the spectators feel themselves capable of his vices, and therefore need not dread his entire misfortune, any one of them may harbor an imperfection similar to those vices, and my learn to be upon his guard by a fear of consequences, proportioned indeed to the degree of imperfection, but still calamitous.

But all this is based on the false notion which Corneille had of the purification of the passions to be effected by tragedy. For I have already shewn that the excitement of pity is inseparable from the excitement of fear; and that the villain, if he could possibly excite our fear, must excite our pity also. Now if he cannot excite the latter—which Corneille himself admits—neither can he excite the former, and he is totally unfitted to attain the end of tragedy. Aristotle considers him still more unfitted for the totally virtuous man; for if a hero of the middle sort is not to be had, he says expressly that a better is to be taken in place of him. The cause is clear: good and yet have more than one weakness, no fault, by which he plunges himself into a labyrinth where there is no apparent escape, and which and sorrow without being in the least is the natural consequence of his fault. When Du Bos speaks of the use of vicious persons in tragedy, he does not mean the same thing as Corneille; Du Bos only wishes to have the principal characters less criminal;—in short, as a mere foil. But Corneille will have the chief

interest depend upon them as in his *Rodogune*, and this it is, not that, which is contrary to the proper end of tragedy. Du Bos remarks here, correctly enough, that the misfortune of these subaltern villains makes no impression upon us. The death of Narcisse in *Britannicus*, he says, is scarcely observed. But for this very reason the poet should abstain from such characters as much as possible. For if their misfortune does not immediately further the end of tragedy, if they are mere expedients to that end, which the poet should rather try to attain by means of other persons, it is unquestionable that the piece would be all the better if the same effects were produced without them. The simpler a machine, the fewer its springs, wheels and weights, the more perfect it is.

6. Lastly, there is the misinterpretation of the first and most essential qualities, which Aristotle requires for the morals of the acting persons. These morals ought to be good. "Good?" quoth Corneille; "if good is used here in the sense of virtuous there is a poor prospect for most tragedies, ancient and modern, since there are in them plenty of bad and vicious persons, or at least persons affected with a weakness, which is not quite consistent with virtue." He is particularly uneasy about his *Cleopatra* in *Rodogune*. He will not allow the goodness which Aristotle requires to be a moral goodness; it must be some other sort of goodness which will accord with the morally bad quite as well as with the morally good. Nevertheless Aristotle means most decidedly a moral goodness. Only virtuous persons, and persons who under certain circumstances display virtuous manners, are not with him one and the same thing. In short, Corneille connects an utterly false idea with the word "morals," and he has not at all understood what that proteresis is, by which alone, according to our philosophers, free actions become morally good or bad. I cannot enter into a prolix demonstration, it is only to be deduced by means of the connection—the syllogistic consequence of all the ideas of the Greek critic. I therefore reserve this proof for another opportunity, since here the only point is to show at what an unlucky result Corneille has arrived by missing the right way. This result is as follows:—Aristotle by goodness of morals means the brilliant and exalted character of any virtuous or criminal inclination, accordingly as it either properly belongs, or can be suitably attributed introduced; "le caractère brillant et élevé d'une habitude vertueuse ou criminelle, selon qu'elle est propre à la personne qu'un introduit." "Cleopatra, in says, "is extremely bad; there is no act of murder she shrinks if it can only keep her on that throne, which she is her love of dominion, But all her crimes are united withness of soul, which has in it something so subtle we condemn her actions we must nevertheless source from which they spring. I can vent the same thing of *Le Menteur*.\* Lying is un virtuous habit, but Dorante brings in his lies presence of mind, with so much liveliness, that tion regularly becomes him, and the audience confess that the gift of lying in this way is a v blockhead is capable"

Truly, Corneille could not have had a notion. If we carry out his principle there the truth, all the illusion, and all the moral utility for virtue, which is always simple and modest and romantic by that brilliant character; but as it is covered with a varnish which everywhere

may regard it from any point of view we please. It is folly to attempt to scare people from vice by its unhappy consequences, while one conceals its intrinsic ugliness. The consequences are accidental, and experience teaches us that they are as often happy as unhappy. This has reference to the purification of the passions as understood by Corneille. As I understand it, and as Aristotle taught, it cannot be combined with that fallacious brilliancy. The false foil which is thus given to vice makes me recognize perfections where there are none,—makes me feel pity where there ought to be none. Dacier has already opposed this explanation, but from unsubstantial grounds; and the explanation which he, together with Pater de Bossu accepts in its place, is very nearly as pernicious:—at least it can be just as pernicious to the poetical perfection to the piece. He thinks that "the morals or manners should be good," means nothing more than that they should be well expressed,—*qu'elles soient bien marquées*. This is certainly a rule which, properly understood, merits, in its place, all the attention of the dramatic poet; only the French models have unfortunately shown, that by "well expressed" "strongly expressed" is meant. The expression has been overlaid, until instead of characteristic personages we have personified characters; and instead of virtuous or vicious men lean skeletons of virtues and vices.

THE END.

\* \* Next week will commence a translation of WINCKELMAN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART, made expressly for the *Musical World*, by the Translator of the above dissertation.

## MUSIC IN BRISTOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Monday, the 28th ult., Mr. H. C. Cooper gave a concert at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, which attracted a numerous and fashionable audience. It was his first appearance before his Bristol friends since the close of the London season. His reception was most flattering. The vocalists were the justly talented Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Millar and Alban Croft. M. Jacques, the popular pianist, also assisted on the occasion. The programme was as follows:—

### PART I.

English Glee—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Millar, and Mr. Alban Croft. "There is beauty on the Mountain"	Goss.
Grand Concerto—Violin.—Mr. H. C. Cooper. Allegro Maestoso, Adagio, and Rondo Russo.	Maurer.
Duet—The Miss Williams. "Io l'udia" ( <i>L'Assedio di Casals</i> )	Donizetti.
Song—Mr. Millar. "Oh beautiful Daughter of Starry Throne"	Beethoven.
Cavatina—Miss A. Williams. "Tell, oh my heart" ( <i>Maid of Honor</i> )	Balfe.
German Melody—Mr. A. Croft. "The Hermit of St. Bernard," the words translated by G. J. Holford, Esq.	Schubert.
Duet Concertante—Piano and Violin—Mr. Jacques and Mr. H. C. Cooper, on Airs from <i>La Sonnambula</i>	De Beriot and Benedict.

### PART II.

Vocal Trio—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Millar. "Mi lascio" ( <i>Proserpine</i> )	Winter.
Souvenir de Bellini—Violin—Mr. H. C. Cooper	Artôt.
Aria—Miss M. Williams. "Io tu lascio"	Mozart.
Fantasia—Piano—M. Jacques	Thalberg.
Duet—The Misses Williams. "The Vision"	Mendelssohn.
Caprice—Violin (unaccompanied)—Mr. H. C. Cooper.	
Preludio and Andante, with a Variation in Harmonics, followed by a Pizzicato Movement executed with the left hand	Paganini.
Quartetto—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Millar, and Mr. Alban Croft. "Over the dark blue waters" ( <i>Oberon</i> )	Weber.

\* This play of Corneille's is the original source of

Goethe's *Liar*.



The violin solos selected by Mr. Cooper for the occasion were compositions of great merit, and admirably adapted to develop the various excellencies which characterise his public performances. His execution of Maurer's concerts and Artot's 'Souvenir de Bellini' produced a great sensation; but his most effective piece was Paganini's *Caprice*, comprising an andante movement of great beauty, interspersed with passages on the single and double harmonics. In this piece Mr. Cooper was wholly unaccompanied, and his masterly execution of some of the most brilliant and difficult passages that were ever composed for the violin had consequently the fairest possible opportunity of being correctly estimated. The performance throughout elicited the most rapturous applause, and was encoored with acclamation. The Misses A. and M. Williams were in excellent voice, and were never heard to greater advantage. They were ably supported by Messrs. Millar and Alban Croft. Mr. Jacques, the clever pianist, greatly contributed to the success of the concert, which gave universal satisfaction to a numerous audience, among whom were several of our most influential families.

#### JENNY LIND IN THE PROVINCES.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

How can we speak adequately of Jenny Lind's exquisite personification of Amina! It has lost none of its truthfulness to nature, its freshness, its artless grace and simplicity, its bewitching tenderness. The way in which she throws herself into the part is truly wonderful. It is not so much *acting as being* Amina! Throughout the whole opera we are never reminded of her being the *prima donna*. Her identification with the character is too complete and intense to suggest to the spectator any ideas apart from those naturally awakened by the heroine herself, and the successive incidents of the story. After exhausting every epithet of praise with reference to her vocal powers, it is not these alone, after all, in which the chief charm resides. And this remark applies perhaps more peculiarly to this than to any other of her characters. It is the expression of the countenance—the soul in the eye—the power of conveying, without even the aid of a song, the full depth of meaning of all that is passing within that takes captive the audience and makes them "passive and submissive" to her "so potent influence." How indescribably this influence operates—how completely it produces its effects—those who have seen her in Amina, must at once admit. It is felt throughout the entire opera. You are never free from the spell that pervades it. From the bashful, half-repressed exuberance of her happiness, when first she comes before us the charming peasant girl on her bridal morning, to the noble indignation, mingled with bursts of grief, with which, panoplied in the consciousness of her innocence, she repels the harsh reproaches of Elvino, when he accuses her of infidelity—from the alternate embarrassment and pleasure, the shyness and innocent coquetry with which she timidly receives the almost-impossible-to-be-resisted attentions of the Count, to the touching pathos and deep inward emotion of the last sleep-walk scene, itself a wonderful psychological exhibition—all is a genuine transcript from nature, such as no genius but the very highest is capable of achieving. And then at the conclusion, when all her sadness and despair are dissipated, when in "the sober certainty of waking bliss" she is assured that these were only a dream, how entirely does she make us see and sympathise with the overflowing gladness of her soul—with what ringing accents does she make her joy penetrate even into our own hearts in

that delicious and exuberant air with which the opera concludes! After seeing Jenny Lind as Amina, one is able to form something like an idea of the transcendent power of expression over all other accessories, such as those of figure, symmetry, beauty of features, &c., and is ready to admit how insignificant all these are if unaccompanied by this, 'the chiefest charm.' Exquisite although the quality of her vocal organ is, and high as the cultivation of it undoubtedly has been, every one will admit that there are other songstresses who surpass her in compass and power, though perhaps not in pure flexibility, and the ability to sustain the voice 'in linked sweetness long drawn out,' till it reaches almost a dying whisper, and becomes 'so fine that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence.' It is in the *natural language*, so to speak, of her beautiful mind and dispositions, in the simple truthfulness and directness of her delineations, in the entire identification of herself with her characters, that she surpasses all other lyrical dramatists we have seen. But beyond even this, there is a charm about her which cannot be described, but which is yet irresistibly felt; an influence pure and beautiful as childhood itself; a something cognate with what is best in humanity in its truest and best moments; and which falls with most power on those who, amid the fever and unrest of conventional existence, endeavour to preserve, in the recesses of their hearts a spirit in some degree akin to the simplicity, the trust and the ingenuousness of childhood.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

Our first impression when Miss Lind entered was, that she was looking stouter and better than when last here, but during the opera we thought we perceived, in the physical exertion, and also occasionally in the intonation, the effects of a long and exhausting London season. Her spirit seems too ardent for its frail tenement; and, unless a stern prudence shall control the promptings of a nature which seems to be the perfect embodiment of musical and poetical sensibility, we may have to grieve over the premature decay of some of the rarest gifts of imagination and feeling.

It is the greatest compliment to Jenny Lind to say, that in her Amina we think and speak of her as the actress rather than the singer. It is not that therein she simply exhibits all the higher graces of vocal cultivation that we are charmed with her;—we wonder at and admire these, albeit they have neither Persiani's exquisite and utmost finish, nor that overwhelming, flood-like power—that reckless, apparently exhaustless abundance, which Alboni displays with unconscious prodigality. But her performance throughout is instinct with feeling and simple grace. Dramatic expression in this (as, indeed, in everything she does) appears to be her first aim, and music is used solely as the auxiliary means to that end. It is a language added to verbal utterance, to give force to the expression of the sentiment or passion,—as colouring gives vividness to the picture, the outline of which is already furnished. In her most artistic displays, Jenny Lind never loses sight of the character,—the singer is always merged in the actress, and her most brilliant embellishments seem but as the natural exponent of the passing emotion. Herein consists the charm of her singing—the real secret of her universal attractiveness. Again, although we consider Jenny Lind's Norma as presenting the strongest evidence of her fine dramatic perception—(for, as we have said before, we deem it a far more truthful and refined performance than Grisi's, or that of any other artiste whom we have seen in the part, Amina is perhaps her most perfect effort, as she appears especially fitted,

by temperament and personal appearance, for the embodiment of gushing tenderness and love, under all their forms of joy or sorrow. As a piece of acting, it is almost faultless: and the sleep-walking scenes especially display a subtle power of discrimination, which we have not seen excelled by any actress. The force and beauty of her vocalization throughout almost induce us to reject the fear expressed in an early part of this notice; for we never experienced in greater perfection the singular and indescribable charm of her voice, nor felt more strongly its bloom-like freshness. The applause with which all her scenes were received was enthusiastic, and we are unable to enumerate the calls before the curtain. Only one encore was given, "Ah! non giunge;" and that seemed rather volunteered by the singer as a tribute of gratitude for her brilliant and enthusiastic reception than as being demanded by the audience, who, tremendous as was the applause, appeared duly to consider the great exertions of the singer. There was a perfect deluge of bouquets at the close.

[Were it not for the out-of-all-bounds absurd comparison between Grisi and Lind in *Norma*, we should have been inclined to think that the writer in the *Manchester Guardian* was not entirely deranged: as it is, we must leave him to the mercy of our readers. The last paragraph, by the way, is in direct contradiction to the first. The *Manchester Examiner*, notwithstanding the flaming extract we have chosen, appears to think that Jenny Lind's voice is not of that pure quality represented by the London critics, or that it has almost lost its purity and beauty. We give the extract. "Her first two or three notes in *In Lucia di Lammermoor* we confess excited a little tremor, for there was a huskiness about them strange and unnatural, which might be temporary or—otherwise. But at each succeeding bar it wore away, and the Lind organ was itself again, in all its brilliant exuberance and exquisite purity. \* \* \* We, however, regretted to observe that there was an occasional appearance of effort which was nowhere observable in the last year's warblings of the gay *vivandière*, or the sleep-walker's stress of vocal passion. We fear this resulted from default of physical strength; and such a cause is to our mind even more lamentable than such an effect."—ED. M. W.]

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT BRIGHTON.

(From the Brighton Herald.)

MR. FARREN AND MISS HELEN FAUCIT closed their engagement on Saturday by performing Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*. We have nothing to observe upon performers and a play so well known except to remark that we never saw the character of Joseph Surface better supported than by Mr. Fisher. It is usually made too puritanical, formal, and far too stupid for a young man of fashion, as Joseph is, notwithstanding his hypocritical sentimentality. Mr. Fisher avoided this, and delivered his "fine sentiments" not like an Obadiah, or a Tartuffe, but as a gentleman of fashion endeavouring to cloak his profligate designs under false morality. Critics and playwrights have not hesitated to use the pruning knife, and sometimes the hatchet to cut away objectionable passages in some of Shakspeare's plays. We wish somebody would perform the same office in some of the earlier scenes in the *School for Scandal*, which we believe might be done without injury to the play. In these scenes innuendoes and impure allusions are made, which would be tolerated in no decent society. Why should they be permitted on the stage? We have no sympathy with those who go to concerts, balls, or to the circus, but who tremble with

horror at the idea of going into a playhouse; but at the same time are free to admit that the drama has scarcely kept pace with the improved manners of the age. Much has indeed been done of late years to purge it of the grossness which disfigured almost every dramatic performance, but much remains to be done, before persons of good taste—to say nothing for the moment of moral feelings—can feel themselves quite safe in taking wives and daughters to a theatre in which they may, though only occasionally, hear something which would not be tolerated in a drawing-room. We know it may be said there is as much vice as ever, though less ostensible. We do not believe it. Our old plays are valuable, as they show the form and pressure of past times; and if we judge by those old plays and other criteria, there can remain no doubt but vice formerly was not only far more open-faced, but also far more general as well as gross than in the present day. But if it were not so, it is no reason why society should not assume a virtue if it have it not. Nothing can excuse or palliate the use, we will not say of indecent language, but go farther, and say of improper allusions and innuendoes; and the sooner the drama is altogether cleansed of them the better, not only for society but for the theatre itself. This is a labour which ought to fall on the censor.

On Monday evening the operatic company made its re-appearance, and Miss Isaacs performed Maria in the adapted *Daughter of the Regiment*, in her usual gay and animated style. She was in excellent voice and sang delightfully.

On Tuesday evening the English version of Rossini's beautiful opera, the *Barber of Seville*, was performed. The overture was well and promptly executed, as might be expected from such finished musicians as Messrs. Thom, Nibbs, Cooke, Bambridge, Siller, &c., led by Mr. Tully at the piano forte. It is a small band, indeed, but large enough for this theatre, if all the members of it are efficient, as they are at present. The character of Rosina was charmingly sustained by Miss Isaacs, who was rapturously encored in the ballad in the second act, in which her aside acting was admirable. Mr. Leffler appeared as Figaro, and Mr. Horncastle as Dr. Bartolo; but we question whether it would not be better to reverse them. The whole of the music of this charming opera is too well known to require comment, but we may observe that the concerted piece at the end of the first act was executed in a style which would have been creditable in any theatre, and *Zitti, zitti*, was more highly polished than any thing we have heard this company perform. It was warmly and most deservedly encored. In remarking on the merits of this English company, we have before said that we do not institute a comparison between its performances and those of persons selected with the greatest care and at an enormous expense from every part of Europe. It would be absurd to do that; but this unassuming English company, we may say, performs the music of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti in a very pleasing and effective manner, and if we are ever to have a native school of singers,—and there are no voices in the world superior to the English,—it can be accomplished only by giving encouragement to native talent, and we know of none more deserving encouragement than this company formed under the direction of Mr. Tully. We have heard operas in Paris not to be compared in point of vocal talent and musical taste to the performances of Mr. Leffler, and especially Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Mr. Horncastle is a very useful performer, though nature has not gifted him with a very good voice, but he sings in time and tune, and is always in the right place. Mr. Frazer has studied hard and labours hard. He possesses great power, but he frequently starts a little too flat, the consequence is that



throughout his song or duet he is scarcely ever strictly in tune, but there are, notwithstanding this drawback,—and it is a great one—few English singers who can go through an opera as he does.

Rossini's beautiful opera of *Cinderella* was performed on Wednesday, and the company fully maintained that position they occupy in the estimation of every musical judge. The concerted pieces were admirably performed, and Miss Isaacs, in the bravura song in the finale, displayed all the resources of her rich full voice, and in the most rapid passages her intonation was as clear and beautiful as a string of pearls. At the conclusion an encore was universally demanded, but Miss Isaacs and Mr. Leffler contented themselves by appearing before the curtain, when they were greeted with rapturous applause.

#### ALBONI AT EXETER.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE following is the programme of the concert in which Alboni gained her usual laurels, and met with the greatest possible success:—

##### PART I.

Terzetto, Madlle. Alboni, Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Weiss, "L' Usato Ardir," <i>Semiramide</i> . . . . .	Rossini.
Song, Mr. Weiss, "Tarry here, my servant," . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina, Mrs. Weiss, "O mio Fernando," <i>La Favorita</i> . . . . .	Donizetti.
Fantasia, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, <i>Masaniello</i> . . . . .	Thalberg.
Aria, "Nacqui all' affano," and Rondo, "Non piu mesta," <i>Cenerentola</i> , Madlle. Alboni . . . . .	Rossini.
Cavatina, Mr. Weiss, "Si miei prodi" . . . . .	Pacini.
Duetto, Madlle. Alboni and Mrs. Weiss, "La regatta Veneziana" . . . . .	Rossini.

##### PART II.

Duet for two grand pianofortes, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Reay, "Homage to Handel," . . . . .	Mascheles.
Duetto, Madlle. Alboni and Mr. Weiss, "Dunque io son," <i>Il Barbiere</i> . . . . .	Rossini.
Ballad, Mrs. Weiss, "Gondolier," <i>Daughter of St. Mark</i> . . . . .	Baife.
Song, Mr. Weiss, "Sentinels," <i>Castle of Aymon</i> . . . . .	Baife.
Troislienne, Madlle. Alboni, "In questo semplace," <i>Betty</i> . . . . .	Donizetti.
Lieder ohne Worte (Songs without Words), pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Duo, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, "Soffriva nel pianto," <i>Lucia</i> . . . . .	Donizetti.
Trio, Mademoiselle Alboni, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, "Vadasi via di qua" . . . . .	Martini.

The room was crowded; upwards of five hundred persons were present, who expressed their delight by enthusiastic applause. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss came in for their share of approbation, and Lindsay Sloper's pianoforte playing quite came up to the expectations formed from his London reputation.

#### JENNY LIND AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the "Liverpool Chronicle.")

PERHAPS one of the best concerts ever given in this town took place at the Collegiate Institution on Thursday evening last. Notwithstanding the counter attraction in the person of our greatest tragedian, Mr. Macready, at the Theatre Royal, the large and spacious lecture hall of the institution was well filled, though not crowded, with a fashionable and elegant audience, consisting of the elite of the town, who, while they formed a galaxy of beauty and fashion seldom seen even within the walls of the Collegiate, appeared to appreciate and enjoy the rich musical treat provided for them. The great loadstone of the evening was, of course, the famous Jenny Lind, and it is almost superfluous to say that this accomplished singer has lost none of her attractions, and that on this occasion she

equalled and surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. Her voice is still remarkable for its sweetness, purity, and compass, and it is quite evident that the spell which she exercises over the lovers of song is as potent as ever. We are unable from want of space to insert a detailed critique of the concert, but it is sufficient to observe that the programme was of a varied and very *recherché* description, containing, besides the Italian airs, selections from the works of Rossini, Weber, Bellini, and other celebrated composers. In addition to Jenny Lind there were M. Roger, the tenor, and Signora F. Lablache and Belletti, with an efficient orchestra, conducted by Mr. Balfe. Mademoiselle Lind was received with the utmost enthusiasm and applause, was frequently encoired, and the cheerful and obliging manner in which she complied with the wishes of the audience was the subject of general remark. Nor are the instrumental performers deserving of less praise. They, one and all, acquitted themselves admirably and to the satisfaction of the audience. In the second part, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind gave with great sweetness and effect her "Swedish melodies," accompanying herself on the piano forte. These melodies are of a very simple and beautiful description, and were rapturously applauded. To those who have had the good fortune to have seen this celebrated lady in an opera on the stage, and have witnessed the actress in conjunction with the vocalist, a concert, however ably conducted and arranged, may appear tame and insipid, but it will be admitted by all who were present on Thursday evening that nothing was wanting on the part of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, the chief, or any of the other performers, to infuse a spirit into the entertainment, and that their efforts were crowned with success.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEVER in my theatrical recollection have the playgoers and musical amateurs of Liverpool had so much to do as they have had during the last month. We have had concerts, operas, ballets, amateur performances, farewell appearances, conjuring and other attractions "too numerous to mention." But let us begin to say something about them. Imprimis, as you had last week a long report from the *Liverpool Chronicle* about the amateur performances at the Theatre Royal, it will therefore be useless for me here to say anything more about them, but I am happy to tell you that the spirited committee of the Brunswick Club, who managed the whole affair most admirably, were enabled to hand over to the Mayor £150 as the proceeds. Jenny Lind's concert took place at the Collegiate Institution on the 7th instant, but it was not so well attended as the speculator, Mr. Knowles, would have wished; the truth is that the prices were very high, and the public wished to see Jenny in an opera, but this could not take place on account of the "amor nummi" displayed on the parts of the Liverpool and Manchester managers. Jenny was of course greatly applauded, more particularly in her Swedish melodies, but she did not excite the same *furor* that she did last year. Roger was much liked, but the pieces he sang were not of the right sort to show off his beautiful style and voice. Belletti was also much admired. I understand that we have no chance of hearing Jenny in opera, as I anticipated, and if she was to come I doubt not but that it would be a losing speculation, for I think Grisi and party will amply satisfy all the lovers of operatic performances. Macready had a full house at the Theatre Royal on the evening of Jenny Lind's concert, to see him in *Henry VIIIth*, and the *Jealous Wife*, prior to his departure for America, to which country he went on the following Saturday.

by the *Acadia*. His Mr. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*, quite astonished the audience, who could scarcely believe the "eminent tragedian" would condescend to play comedy, in truth it was an admirable piece of acting. At the conclusion of the comedy he delivered the following short address:—

"It will not be considered intrusive, I am sure, if I venture to trespass on your patience with a few words, to offer you a parting tribute of my respect, in expressing to you, as brief as possible, my grateful acknowledgments for the frequent kind receptions I have experienced at your hands. The indulgent manifestations of your favors have ever been regarded by me with peculiar satisfaction, and have held a high place in my estimation, not less that they have been considerably, as they have been liberally, bestowed. After a short professional tour through the United States, it is my intention to return to England to take my farewell of the drama, and those patrons who have looked with such generous approval on my humble efforts for its advancement. In their number it would be strange, ladies and gentlemen, if I were not to include you. In one more engagement, before the curtain falls for the last time on my performance, I hope to have the gratification of appearing here; and till then I take my respectful leave of you, with a faithful remembrance and deep sense of the approbation with which you have so often heard me, and with warmest wishes for your continually increasing prosperity."

On Tuesday evening our Theatre Royal was crammed to see the performance of *Norma*, the first of a series of Italian operas which had long been announced to "come off" under the able superintendence of Mr. H. F. Aldridge. For days before the boxes and stalls had all been let, and on Tuesday evening every nook of the Theatre was filled by one of the most fashionable audiences ever assembled in Liverpool. All the first families of the town were present, and exhibited an array of female beauty that cannot be surpassed by the aristocratical frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. Grisi was of course *Norma*; Mario, Pollio; Tagliafico, Oroveso; and Signora Vera, Adalgisa. The choruses were very strong, and were greatly assisted by the band of the 81st regiment. Grisi has no greater admirer than myself, but on this occasion she was not the "Grisi" that I have heard at Covent Garden; why I know not. Her *Norma* was certainly a beautiful creation, but I missed the abandon and pathos I have witnessed on former occasions, in addition to which her voice, either from fatigue or over exertion, was wiry and not so full and clear as usual. In some *morceaux* however she was really great, and deservedly applauded. Signora Vera was an admirable Adalgisa, her acting was quiet, pathetic, and natural, while her singing was really beautiful. Why she did not create a greater sensation in the metropolis puzzles me: her voice was full, clear, and sweet, and under perfect command; she was frequently most loudly and judiciously applauded. Mario played the ungrateful part of Pollio, of which he made more than anybody I ever heard in it before—he sang deliciously, and displayed his magnificent voice to the greatest advantage. He has greatly improved in every way since we first heard him here; every "bit" he had to sing was listened to with the greatest eagerness, and rapturously applauded. But no one appeared to so great an advantage as Tagliafico in Oroveso. He sang last year at our Collegiate Institution, but excited no sensation worth speaking of, but in *Norma* he took the audience by storm, his "make up" was most admirable, while his fine deep bass voice astonished every body, and no one more than your correspondent, who had only heard him in small parts. He both sang and acted with great animation, and was of the greatest assistance to the chorusses, who were not so perfect as could have been wished; in fact, the first chorus was completely "swamped" by the band. The piece was well put upon the stage, and

reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Aldridge, who seemed to have spared no expense to make the *tout ensemble* surpass (as it did) any previous operatic performances in Liverpool.

As the opera of *Puritani* is played this evening, I cannot, of course, this week say anything about it, but next week you shall have a report of the performances of *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, and the opera that is to be performed on Saturday evening next. I cannot close these hurried remarks without paying the proper and due meed of praise to Mr. H. Aldridge for the spirited and really splendid manner in which the operas have been got up; they have not only been a great treat to the public at a very moderate cost, but they have also been a boon to our resident musical artistes, who I hope will profit by them.

The officers of the 46th and 81st regiments, at present stationed here, gave an amateur performance at our Amphitheatre, on Wednesday evening last; the performances consisted of *Charles the Second* and the *Unfinished Gentleman*. The theatre was well filled, the boxes presenting a brilliant, and (for Liverpool) a novel appearance, from the great number of officers present in full regimentals. One cannot, of course, attempt to criticise the performances, but Captain Liddell's Captain Copp, in the first piece, and Captain Fyffe's Bill Downey, in the farce, were really excellent, and deservedly applauded. The receipts, which must have been great, will be devoted to the relief of the surviving sufferers of the "Ocean monarch." I believe that Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone commence an engagement here next week, and that they will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. I hope the latter parties will be sure to come. I cannot recollect when they were last in Liverpool, but I am sure they will "draw." They are *really* great artistes,—funny without exaggeration, and always natural and easy, without any of the vulgar strainings after effect, so annoying in many would-be comic actors.

Robert Houdin, the first of magicians, ancient or modern, has been astonishing "the natives" of Liverpool at the Liver Theatre, and notwithstanding the attractions elsewhere he has drawn good audiences, whom he has bewildered and delighted beyond measure. I have not the time here to speak fully of his wonderful deeds, but I must state that he surpasses every magician, conjuror, and wizard ever seen in Liverpool. I shall perhaps say more of him hereafter. Mr. Farren and Mr. Glover appear at our Amphitheatre next week, in several of Mr. Albert Smith's favourite? "fine old standard comedies;" whether they will please the "slow" people of Liverpool remains to be seen. Franconi's Equestrian Company, who made their first appearance in England at our Amphitheatre, open there again on the 9th of next month, and I doubt not but that they will prove as attractive as they did last year.—

Liverpool, Sept. 14th, 1848. Your's, &c. J. H. N.

#### THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the Liverpool Chronicle.)

MR. MACREADY left the shores of his native country on Saturday, on a professional visit to the United States—and on his return he will take leave of the stage, of which he is the brightest ornament, after performing a series of his most popular characters in London and the country. Like Young, Mr. Macready retires in the fulness of his fame and the enjoyment of all his energies. He stands, confessedly, the foremost British actor,—the idol of the public, and the envy of less favoured aspirants.

On Thursday Mr. Macready played Cardinal Wolsey, in



*Henry the Eighth*, and Mr. Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*, supported by Mrs. Warner as Queen Catherine and Mrs. Oakley in the comedy. These were the performances which Her Majesty witnessed at Drury Lane a short time back, on the occasion of Mr. Macready's benefit, and for which he has been severely attacked for emasculating Shakspeare. *Henry the Eighth*, to make it at all endurable, requires consummate acting. The Queen, the King, and the Cardinal were excellently done; the other characters, with the exception of Buckingham, indifferently—some of them execrably. In consequence, the result was an almost general and painful monotony. Even the splendid acting and elocution of Mr. Macready, after the Cardinal's fall failed to rouse the audience. Mr. Couldock gave a correct historical portrait of the bluff monarch, which he would have improved had he stuffed a little more. Mrs. Warner looked the injured wife admirably, and read it discreetly; but the personation lacked the power and passion that some actresses impart to it—Mrs. Butler, for instance. Several years have elapsed since we saw Mr. Macready essay a comedy part. On this occasion he was very happy, and bore himself easily and naturally, nor were the stilts of Melpomene at all perceptible. The style in which Mrs. Warner played the jealous wife was highly finished and lady-like. Mr. Couldock, too, although in a part very unsuited to a leading actor—Major Oakley—was clever and effective.

At the close of the comedy, Mr. Macready was called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the house. He made a brief address, in which allusions to his westward passage, to his speedy retirement, and to the appreciation of his acting by the Liverpool public, coupled with the expression of his gratitude, formed the principal points. The house was full in every part.

#### SKETCH OF SOPHIE FUOCO.

MADemoiselle FUOCO was born at Milan; her father, who was a painter of some note, destined her for the theatre. At the early age of seven years she was admitted to the *Conservatoire* in the class of Professor Blasis, first master of the grand theatre of *La Scala*. Her intelligence and extreme aptitude were remarked by the professor, who bestowed great pains upon his pupil. An accident brought Madlle. Fuoco (then called the little Sofia Fuoco) into notice. There was produced at the *Scala* a grand ballet, entitled the *Last Day of Missolonghi*, in which was found the rôle of a young Greek introduced into one scene—that in which the young Greek, seeing his country lost, lets himself die with hunger. Among the numerous artistes which the grand theatre possessed not one could fill this part, and exactly carry out the intentions of the chorégraphist. The little Sophie working at the theatre, attentive to all which had any reference to her art, executed, in one corner of the stage, the rôles and *pas* of the ballet. This the author perceived; and when every one was gone, he called the child, and made her execute several of the poses and actions of the character which occupied her thoughts. The expressive pantomime and the intelligence and feeling which the little Fuoco displayed at once decided the chorégraphist to make her play the part, which in a few days became the principal one in the ballet. A still more happy circumstance made her known as a *danseuse*. One night, at the *Scala*, the *première danseuse*, who was suddenly taken ill, was obliged to be replaced. No one would take on herself such a responsibility. Sophie Fuoco appeared—and in one instant her talent was unanimously acknowledged. Delicious

innovation! Flowers and crowns fell at the charming little feet of Fuoco. Sophie became great, and wished to quit Italy. In 1845 she came to London, where she had to contend against Taglioni, Therese and Fanny Ellsler, and Carlotta Grisi. She left England with laurels. In 1846 she was again recalled, and played the *Diable Amoureux*. At this time M. Pillet engaged her for Paris, where she débüté in *Betty*, an indifferent ballet, by the chorégraphist, Mazillier, which was quite unworthy of talents as precious as those of Sophie Fuoco. We will quote on this subject a speech of Madlle. Therese Ellsler, who, on leaving the first representation of this ballet, was met by one of those flatterers who would be connoisseurs, and who thinking, without doubt, of complimenting Fanny Ellsler, said to her sister speaking of Fuoco, "*Le n'est pas ça!*" "You deceive yourself," replied Therese Ellsler. "*C'est tres bien ça!*" "In two years Fanny Ellsler will be without a rival!" Whoever has known Therese Ellsler can appreciate this answer from so distinguished and talented an artiste. Two years later the prophecy was not accomplished.

#### ALBONI AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE long looked-for event of Alboni's visit to Plymouth came off on Saturday last. The whole town was on the *qui vive*, and the hotel (one of the largest in England) was literally crammed with persons who had come from all parts of this and the adjoining counties to hear this gifted and extraordinary vocalist. So full was the place that the room opposite the *salle de musique*, hitherto always set apart for the artistes, was divided into two rooms by a screen. At an early hour the concert room began to fill with all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, and by eight o'clock not a seat was to be obtained for love or money, and I must say that a more brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty has been rarely seen, even in the metropolis. The general officer of the troops quartered here being present, all the military were in uniform, which added much to the appearance of so large an assemblage. The following was the programme of the concert:—

Terzetto, Madlle. Alboni, Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Weiss,	
"L'Usato ardir," <i>Semiramide</i> . . . . .	Rossini.
Aria, Mr. Weiss, "Tarry here, my Servant" . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina, Mrs. Weiss, "O mio Fernando," <i>La Favorita</i>	Donizetti.
Grand fantasia on airs in <i>Masaniello</i> , pianoforte, Mr.	
Lindsay Sloper	Thalberg.
avatina and Rondo, Madlle. Alboni, "Nacqui all'affano," and "Non più mesta," <i>Cenerentola</i> . . . . .	Rossini.
Romanza, Mr. Weiss, "Se miei prodi" . . . . .	Pacini.
Duetto, Madlle. Alboni and Mr. Weiss, "La regatta Veneziana" . . . . .	Rossini.

#### PART II.

Duo, Madlle. Alboni and Mr. Weiss, "Dunque io son,"	
<i>Il Barbiere</i>	Rossini.
Ballad, Mrs. Weiss, "Gondolier," <i>Daughter of St. Mark</i>	Balfe.
Cavatina, Mr. Weiss, "Sentinella," <i>Castle of Aymon</i>	Balfe.
Scena from the opera, <i>Betty</i> , "In questo semplice,"	
and "Tyrolienne," Madlle. Alboni . . . . .	Donizetti.
Galop di Bravura, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper . . . . .	Schulhoff.
Duo, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, "Soffriva nel pianto," <i>Lucia</i>	Donizetti.
Terzetto, Madlle. Alboni, Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Weiss,	
"Vadasi via di qua" . . . . .	Martini.

The appearance of Alboni was the signal for one tremendous cheer from every part of the room; and at the end of the trio, "*L'Usato ardir*," the cheer was repeated with still louder shouts of deafening applause. I can scarcely say which was the most boisterous encore, the "Non più mesta," or the scena from *Betty*, "In questo semplice." On being called on

to repeat the latter she sang "Il segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The effect of this was electrifying, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and many resident musicians who had not an opportunity of hearing her before seemed lost in astonishment at the ease and facility of execution with which she went through her extraordinary vocalization. Lindsay Sloper was the accompanist at the pianoforte, and also played a fantasia, by Thalberg, and several of Mendelssohn's delightful pieces from the *Lieder ohne worte*, and Schulhoff's popular galop. He has been here before, and was welcomed with a reception that must have shewn him that the Plymouth public have a lively recollection of his talents on former occasions. He played with surprising execution and effect, but his reputation is too well known to need comment.

Weiss was in excellent voice, and was warmly applauded in "Tarry here, my servant."

Mrs. Weiss, very much improved since her appearance at Drury Lane, sang with considerable point and skill, and greatly disappointed the audience in not responding to a very general encore to "O mio Fernando," from the *Favorita*. I must conclude by saying, that no singer was ever in Plymouth who created such a sensation and left such agreeable reminiscences with her audience as Alboni. A word of praise is deservedly due to Mr. Rowe for his engagement of such talent, and I heartily wish him success in all his undertakings, for he is always ready to bring before his patrons the highest talent in the market, at whatever price it is to be had.

On Monday evening Mrs. Nisbett made her appearance at the Theatre, with her sister, Miss Jane Mordaunt. She opened in *The Love Chase*, and played Constance as she alone can play this part. On Tuesday *London Assurance* was done for the purpose of introducing her as Ludy Gay Spanker, which she played with all her wonted spirit. The garden scene in this was beautifully arranged, all the wings being removed, and beds of real flowers were placed on the stage. This scene alone must have cost Mr. Newcombe a large sum of money, but he is remunerated by excellent houses. Last night *The Hunchback* was played. Mrs. Nisbett's Helen was charming, and Newcombe's Modus was the best thing I have seen him do. It was not the low comedy character we often see it made, but the shy quaint scholar of the author. The houses have been excellent all the week. Mrs. Nisbett plays at Bath on Monday.

T. E. B.

Sept. 15th.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

**BOULOGNE.**—Much is said of the musical festival that M. Félix Godeffroid intends giving on Monday next. Independently of the celebrated harpist, that delightful songstress, Anna Thillon, whose surprising talent has been duly applauded on the boards of Paris and London, will be listened to with pleasure, and earn the laurels of the Boulonnais. Other Parisian *artistes*, choirs, and an orchestra composed of two hundred musicians, will complete the programme of this brilliant fête. *La Salle*, for that night, will be metamorphosed into a vast flower garden splendidly decorated.

**PARIS.**—**THÉÂTRE ITALIEN.**—There is a subject which at present interests all those who think on the social condition of *artistes*, viz., the improvement in the position of the talented, yet badly remunerated, members of our orchestras. We have not, therefore, noticed without surprise and regret that the new director of the *Théâtre Italien*, M. Dupin, has reduced the salaries of the leading instrumentalists one-third and the others one-fourth, although the latter never received

more than 85 francs (£3 11s. sterling) per month! One of the *artistes* having ventured to protest against the reduction was immediately superseded. Of course M. Dupin has the right of doing as he likes, but it must be allowed that in this instance he acted very unhandsomely. It is true that M. Dupin has no pecuniary aid from the Government, but no doubt he has some equivalent privilege, without which he would have ceded his directorship to another. Would it not be just, that with every privilege conferred it should be rendered imperative that *artistes* of talent should not be treated with a greater degree of parsimony than the commonest employé on the establishment.—*Revue Musicale*.

#### MORAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

(From Dr. Mainzer's "Music and Education.")

THAT music has a great power over man, and is capable of producing deep emotions, we all know, and we all have, once in our life at least, experienced: how sublime are the effects of a simple tune played on an instrument, or the solemn peal of the organ! and can it be believed that the human voice, the most impressive of all musical sounds, when joined to words, which speak at once to our feelings and our reason, does not, when thus adorned and rendered more significant, exert a greater and more beneficial influence upon our whole being than any other excitement? and must not this influence be materially increased, if we are ourselves the performers?

It is useless, however, to adduce further proofs, when thousands are ready to bear testimony to the vivid, the sublime, the powerful sentiments which song has often awakened within them, and to the beneficial and enduring impressions it has left behind. If such effects are felt by persons unprepared, perhaps, to receive high impressions, or in whom the gentler sensibilities have been blunted by the common drudgeries and troubles of life, how powerfully must the practice of singing, carefully adapted to this end, act upon the hearts and minds of children, whom the ills of existence have never reached, and whose soul is so innocently and defencelessly open and sensitive to impressions imparted from without. It must, therefore, be of great importance to every friend of youth, and every promoter of the interests of society, to know exactly the poetical and moral character of the compositions in which the youth of a country, the future nation, and in whose hearts, the impressions received at such a tender age, will undoubtedly never be effaced. In this point consists the touch-stone of this question; here lie its public usefulness and its importance.

Juvenile poetry is in form and thought, we mean in the choice of the subject as well as that of the words employed to express it, of a peculiar kind. As soon as words are to be introduced into the exercises, too great care cannot be bestowed on their selection. Songs intended for children, should, in every respect, be adapted to the narrow limits of their understanding. They should present nothing abstract or inanimate, but should be full of life and action. The words of children's songs should treat of such innocent subjects as are suited to their years and feelings, if we desire that their effect upon them should be permanent and salutary. From songs of this character alone, the individual may derive benefit during his whole life, and may find in them aids to his moral and religious advancement. The child should receive from them such lessons as will add to the worthiness of the adult—lessons on all the duties he will have to perform, whether as a man, a citizen, or a link of that mighty chain called society.



The world appears to a child in a light totally different from that in which a grown-up person beholds it; his vivid imagination invests every object with life: in the buildings which his little hands raise out of sand, his creative fancy discovers cities, villages and flowery fields; cards are converted into a palace; a fragment of glass furnishes a sun; a soap bubble is to him a world. The man of riper years, on the contrary, sees all his illusions vanish one by one; and as his feelings become hardened in the school of suffering and adversity, he gradually retires from the sphere of active existence, into a more abstract world of thought and recollection. He lives in the past, whilst the child—a butterfly, courting every flower, sucks its honied juice, and inhales its perfumes—knows and enjoys the present alone. In the rules, by which our choice of songs destined for children should be made, we should be guided by the nature of the infant mind itself, and should remember that the science of the child extends not further than its hand, and that the horizon of its mind closes with that of its eye.

Though there is a general dearth of songs for children, the materials for such songs are by no means limited as may be supposed. All nature, as it lives around us, and spreads its charms and wonders out before our eyes—nature, with its hills and dales, its brooks, trees, birds, butterflies, and flowers, affords a varied choice of subjects, fitted to attract and interest the young mind.

In thus calling the attention of the young to nature in all its marvellous manifestations, we cannot fail to impress them with due respect for every object of the animate as well as the inanimate creation. This has been overlooked in schools. Much is done for the intellect, but little for the heart, the main-spring of human actions in the social intercourse of life. How often are we forced to witness, in grief and indignation, the cruel pleasure that children (often intelligent and clever children in all that concerns the usual branches of instruction,) take in persecuting and uselessly tormenting animals, even those upon whose daily labours their own master's and tormentor's livelihood depends! General school instruction, as it is, is inadequate to develop the higher, better feelings in children; and in trying to make them more learned, has utterly failed to make them more humane. Societies have been formed in all parts of Great Britain for the protection of animals. Prizes have been awarded, punishments inflicted. If, on one side, this proves that something is wanted in the education of the people, on the other, we can see at a glance the insufficiency of such societies. Unless man has learnt to respect the inferior beings in the scale of creation, and is moved by higher considerations than those of reward or punishment, such societies are of no avail, and however well intended, do not attain the object of their foundation.

The children of our schools will never forget the lessons in songs, which charmed their years of infancy; they ever will will remember the songs on the *Lark*, the *Bird's Nest*, the *Butterfly*, &c., &c. In shewing to them, in a few touching lines, the wondrous instinct of the *Sparrow*, the *Ant*, the *Bee*, &c., we cultivate in them that feeling of respect for all nature's children, which will follow them through life, and which will be their guide of conduct in all circumstances, when seen or when in solitude. Or can a song which delighted us in our infancy, pass without leaving a trace behind? Children, after having learnt by heart, and sung and enjoyed the sweet little strains on the *Fly*, would they ever forget the lessons they contain?

My merry little fly play here,  
And let me look at you;  
I will not touch you, tho' you're near,  
As naughty children do.

I'll near you stand to see you play,  
But do not be afraid;  
I would not lift my little hand,  
To hurt the thing He made.

The same thought, only more sentimentally expressed, pervades the little tune of *The Worm*. We quote it entire, because it illustrates distinctly our views and principles:—

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,  
Nor crush this helpless worm;  
The frame thy thoughtless looks deride,  
Required a God to form.

Let it enjoy its little day,  
Its little bliss receive;  
Oh! do not lightly take away  
The life thou canst not give.

Besides songs of this description, of whose importance in schools no one can doubt, there are also songs, intended to promote social and domestic virtues,—order, cleanliness, obedience, unity, humanity, temperance, &c.; thus impressing, not the letter of the laws of charity on immature minds, but the spirit of them in the memory, and so identifying them with the very fibres of the heart.

In all this we do not prescribe only vague theories, the execution of which exists but in the brain of an enthusiast, or belongs to future ages, we have seen them practically applied to the fullest extent. Juvenile compositions of that poetical and moral character which we recommend, already live in the mouths of thousands of children, and are heard in many a school, and many a humble dwelling.

We should never cease, were we to tell of all the effects which, to our knowledge, the songs of children produced; they act upon the little singers, and re-act upon their parents. We know many families, in which the children unite in the evening and sing their little duets, and through them charm and captivate those who hitherto sought recreation elsewhere than at their own hearth, in the society of their wives and children.

Music gives, as may easily be seen from this, to the home of the poorer classes, an additional attraction, and is a powerful, at the same time elevating and noble substitute for those grosser pleasures which lead so many families into ruin and destitution; and if what has been stated before Parliament be true, that the dissipated habits of the humbler classes have, for the most part, their source in the utter want of any rational enjoyment, especially in the total intellectual destitution of the female part of the population, it must become a matter of considerable importance to see an innocent and elevating recreation like vocal music, associated with sacred and moral poetry, become a part of the education of the people. We pity those who know music only as a luxury, and who look with a jealous eye upon this art when taught to children, who are not born in and for the drawing room, and who, therefore, have no right to claim their share of drawing room education. Music is no luxury, but something far higher: we do not recognize it as such even among the wealthiest.

The education of the people has become the motto of all parties: if not from sympathy, humanity, and justice, its necessity is felt as the only means of self-defence against the daily growing stream of intemperance, poverty, depravity, and crime. At the moment when popular education begins to be the all-engrossing subject of the Legislature, the warning lest mere intellectual education should exclusively occupy public attention, will neither be out of place nor out of season. Through its influence upon the youth of all classes, music

must again become a serious object to serious minds, to the educationalist and the promoter of the moral advancement of the people. Herder says, "To fill the whole soul of a child to impart to him songs which will leave an impression, salutary and eternal; thus to urge him on to great actions, to glory; to implant in his heart the love of virtue, and to afford him consolation in that adversity which it may be his lot to encounter,—how noble an endeavour, how great a work!"

These few words of a profound thinker, a pious, noble, and classical mind, shew the great importance of this question; and we may conclude by saying, that music must again become an agent in the moral training of the people. Associated with poetry, simple and true, as a source from which heart and memory will throughout life, draw lessons of virtue and morality, it will again be called the friend of humanity, the sister of wisdom.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your last number under the above head a correspondent has given a gloomy account of the state of music in this city. He introduces the subject thus:—"I wish I could give you a more cheering account in answer to your inquiries regarding the state of music in this place than is contained in the following lines, but what is going on here in the Musical Province could not justify the most enthusiastic Bristolian to represent it as flourishing or even only as satisfactory."—The writer then enumerates the several musical societies established here, and makes certain remarks, which in my opinion, are more likely to check than encourage the cultivation of music. The Gentlemen Amateur Glee Club, and the Amateur Brass Band Society, are described as too insignificant to attract general notice, whilst the classical Harmonists who have performed *The Creation*, *The Fall of Babylon*, *The Messiah*, and other choral works of the great masters with success seldom achieved out of the Metropolis, are said to be unworthy the name they bear.—Nor has the Madrigal Society escaped your correspondent's critical notice. This Society, he informs us, once or twice a year affords a certain class of the public an opportunity to evince its aristocratic taste by paying dear for listening to the quaint old ditties called *Madrigals*, and drinking a cup of tea! This quizzical account of the Madrigal Society must be highly satisfactory to Mr. Corfe, under whose management the Society has long existed and flourished! Allow me to call attention to what your correspondent says in reference to the concert lately given by Mr. Cooper at Clifton. His words are—"Mr. Cooper has given a concert in the Victoria Rooms, which neither attracted a large audience, nor gave general satisfaction, although he introduced one of his favorite solos on the fourth string." This statement is entirely destitute of truth. Mr. Cooper did not play a solo on the fourth string.—The audience was numerous and fashionable, and the enthusiastic applause elicited throughout the performance, sufficiently proved that the concert gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Cooper is too great a favorite in Bristol and his abilities too generally appreciated to render it likely that the misrepresentations of your correspondent should effect his interest here, but the *Musical World* is read in places where Mr. Cooper is unknown, and it is but right to point out the incorrectness of a statement calculated to induce a false estimate of his merit.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A MEMBER OF THE CLASSICAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.

Thursday Night, September 9, 1848.

I have written the above in great haste to be in time for the post, and have no time correct any errors I may have committed. I enclose the programme of Mr. Cooper's concert.

#### MUSICAL SOCIETIES AT BRISTOL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—After reading the letter of your Bristol correspondent, and one signed "Teutoni" in the Bristol Times, addressed to the Classical Harmonists, I became firmly impressed with the opinion, that the same uncharitable pen committed the pair. Your correspondent appears to

write under morbid feelings, such as one might expect from a man who had been "displeased and rejected" by nearly every musical society around him, and who ("sharp misery having worn him to the bone") felt a "horrible interest in the downfall of one society," and a "strange delight in depreciating the merits of others." In short the two letters contain unjust, untrue, and uncharitable remarks, and stamp the writer as a person not particularly overburdened with courtesy. If your correspondent will look at other large towns, he will find few, if any, shewing a more decided taste for music of a high order than Bristol; let him count the number of musical classes here, which are labouring hard to reach excellence, (and in a fair way to attain it too) and name one other place doing more, or even as much. The fact of improvement, is a sign at least satisfactory if not flourishing. Your unhappy correspondent says the state of music here is neither flourishing nor satisfactory. Again after enumerating some of the musical societies, in no very respectful terms, he divides the recognized from what he calls the insignificant, after classifying the Amateur Glee Club, and Brass Band with the latter, he goes on to say that the Classical and Harmonist Society (from whom the musical public have derived much benefit,) being the difficulties, or as Teutoni in the Bristol Times says, "troubled with consumption, mortification, &c. (the latter a complaint peculiarly his own) are much assisted and relieved" by the insignificant Glee Club's successful concert. How, may I ask him is it possible for a large and useful musical society to be benefitted by a small and insignificant one, and one that he says has no influence whatever? The statement is too ridiculous. Lastly as regards the Amateur Brass Band, your correspondent omitted incidentally to state (and being one of the insignificant societies the information might not have reached you,) that the only two public concerts given by this Band were attended together by nearly two thousand persons, and the proceeds entire (almost sixty pounds) divided between charitable institutions in this city; with this borne in mind, is it just or unjust to say the society "is too insignificant and of no influence," especially when the music performed on those occasions was spoken of in terms of approbation? It is a source of deep regret to me to see any society in the pursuit of national amusement, (particularly music) wasting away through lack of funds, but it will be evident, to any unprejudiced man who reads the letter of Teutoni, that the writer is glorifying himself in the probable ruin of the Classical Harmonists; yet even this catastrophe may be prevented, and I sincerely trust that enough encouragement will be shown the society as to enable them to convince your correspondent they will give a concert "in spite of his teeth."—I remain, Your obedient Servant,

Bristol, September 12, 1848.

ONE OF THE B. A. B. BAND.

#### OPERATIC STARS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you oblige me by telling me through the medium of the Musical World, if you know where prints are to be obtained of all the operatic stars and celebrated characters, and at what prices. Perhaps some of your correspondents may know if you do not.—I am always yours,

FERNANDO PER LA MUSICA.

#### MR. DISTIN AND OUR BRISTOL CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have to thank you for your prompt attention to my request in inserting my letter, although, I must confess, I am surprised at the comment you have made on it. You surely must mistake the motive I had in addressing you. It would appear that my letter had been written at, not to you. I did not accuse the Musical World of uttering a falsehood. I wrote to explain the whole affair, and to prove to you and the public the entire falsehood of the statement of the "Bristol Correspondent." It was this that caused me (as you say) "to fire up;" and where is the man who would not do as I have done were he in the same situation? As regards the spirit with which my letter was written (however it may appear to you), I can assure you I had no other motive but to confute a false assertion.

I am accused also of a want of paternal affection: this is severe, indeed. I cannot (neither do I wish) tell the world what my mental sufferings have been by the bereavement I suffered. I might have broken down under the affliction; but summoning all my philosophy, I determined to bear the blow as all Christian men ought to do; and feeling that I had still a duty to perform for the remainder of my family, and the chain being broken—or, as we should say, a link lost—I (as soon as my feelings would allow) began to endeavour to repair that loss by a



different arrangement of all our music—viz., the quartette with piano-forte accompaniment. It must be remembered that the instrument performed on by my poor departed son was the bass, which instrument is now in the hands of the one who played the second alto; and he, I am happy to say, has made great progress with it. We shall shortly give a concert, when I hope for your presence, that you may judge the merits of the performance; and furthermore, as regards the "great performer," as you say I represented my son to be, there must be some mistake in this. I never represented either of my family as such; neither am I, as stated, impressed with my own importance. I am, sir, a humble-minded man, as all who really know me will bear testimony; neither do I aspire to be compared with Jenny Lind or Alboni. The comparison is somewhat ridiculous; a vocalist should not be compared with an instrumentalist, nor an instrumentalist with a vocalist. If comparisons are made at all, they should be made between persons professing the same instrument, and with the same description of performance, or vocalist to vocalist the same. If we have, by our long and arduous exertions, gained a name, and received testimonials such as we are in possession of, it ought not to create ill feeling in our native land; for I do not consider we have diminished fame or name of British artists by our continental travels—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN DISTRICH.

FRENCH FLOWERS VERSUS BARNETT AND ASPULL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am almost afraid to venture on the subject of the controversies between Mr. Flowers on the one hand, and J. Barnett and W. Aspull on the other, for I have become aware how easily a single rash word may draw upon me the wrath of the first-named gentleman, and know that it would be utterly hopeless for me to contend in a literary fight against him, who appears to have dipped his pen into fire and brimstone. I hope, however, to avoid the danger of offending him, by expressing temperately and modestly what I have to say; and this hope is based, to a great extent, on the favourable opinion which Mr. Flowers seems to have formed of the harmlessness of my character. For when he published his new (?) system of progressive cadences, I, expecting that it contained something quite novel and worth learning, and not being able to make out what he meant by "chords which add or subtract" begged that gentleman to explain his system a little more fully, for the benefit of persons like me, "desirous to learn." Upon which Mr. Flowers good-humouredly called me "your innocent correspondent," a title which I could not be but pleased with, although some evil-disposed persons laughed at it, and wanted to persuade me that the term "innocent," when used by Mr. Flowers, meant as much as "ignorant," an appellation to which I should by no means like to submit unconditionally. From the spirited, but to my taste rather over-spiced correspondences on the matter, I think however now to have comprehended the meaning and character of Mr. Flowers's system; and I perceive that it was only the new name and the great importance which Mr. Flowers laid upon his supposed invention that puzzled me and led me to believe it quite a new thing, but that there is in reality nothing new in the matter. And this is what I wanted to speak about. Mr. Aspull observed, in one of his letters, "that the theory of progressive cadences was one perfectly known to German students;" which assertion Mr. Flowers flatly contradicts, and promises to give the former gentleman £20 if he can prove that Vogler or any of his pupils ever employed addition or subtraction in forming progressive cadences. Now as I happen to have been but recently a German student, I think that I am almost called upon to act as a witness, and give my opinion on the question; and I would say that Mr. Aspull is perfectly right in his assertion, and that Mr. Flowers is in duty bound to pay him the £20, which Mr. Aspull ought to accept, if it were only to give it to some needy fellow-musician. For I know, that not only the pupils of Vogler's school, but all German students, make use of the operations pointed out by Mr. Flowers: nay, it appears to me that no regular progression whatever can be made without employing them. The only difference is this, that neither Vogler nor any other German ever made use of the names which Flowers has given to these operations, and that most of the modern school would be averse to them, because they involve a principle, which, as I shall show hereafter, stands in contradiction to the true spirit of our art. A glance into my old exercise-book would convince Mr. Flowers at once that the system in substance was acted upon at least in the Dessau school (under Dr. Fred. Schneider) many years ago. He would there find hundreds of exercises headed thus:—"Progressions formed by ascending two degrees; by descending three degrees," &c., &c.; instead of which Mr. Flowers would say, "Progressions formed by adding two, or by subtracting three,"—a mode of expression not by far so clear as the former. The pupils of Dr.

Mara, at Berlin, (at this moment the most renowned teacher in Germany,) call the combination of two or more chords a *motif*, and say:—"Progressions are formed by repeating a motive two or three degrees higher or lower. The claims of Mr. French Flowers therefore amount to this, that he has given new names to things known long ago; and arranged certain harmonic combinations according to mere numerical proportions. How much this may justify him to call himself the inventor of a new system I leave your readers to judge: as far as regards myself, I am of opinion, that even if the system were entirely of his own invention, he would not by its publication have conferred such great benefit upon the musical art as he seems to imagine. Have we not, since the time of Marpurg, had numerical systems and arithmetic formulas enough to wish for more? Have we not built up chords by addition, formed new ones by subtraction, and put together fugues and canons as a schoolboy works out his sum? And what has been the consequence? Why, that the very art whose existence and flourish depends on the unfettered and free action of the mind, has been overladen with precepts, laws, and restrictions, to such an extent, that if we were to heed them, it would be utterly impossible to produce a single work of real artistic value. "The musical doctrine, with its pedantic rules, its narrow-minded principles and mechanical processes," says Dr. Marx,\* "is a disgrace to the present age, and stands in opposite direction to the true spirit of art." An adoption of Mr. Flowers's numerical arrangement of the different progressions would, I fear, be a promotion of the anti-artistic principle, of which the above-named illustrious writer so justly complains; for it would only increase the number of dead formulas lying already much too heavy on the young student's mind. If composing were nothing else but the throwing together of sounds according to established rules, then such arithmetical formulas might do very well; but if we consider all works of art as the productions of a free creative intellect, then something better is required than a mere mechanical system. For supposing a student to have made himself perfectly acquainted with such a system, and thus learned to form an endless variety of progressions by the addition or subtraction of certain numbers, would such a knowledge be of any use to him? I should think not. For the free and easy artistic use of progressions, as well as of any other musical form, requires a knowledge of their signification, and an insight into their psychologic character; and Mr. Flowers will agree with me, that the latter depends not on any numerical proportion, but on quite different circumstances. It is the harmonic relation of the consecutive chords, and the melodious strain pervading their motion, which gives the character to certain forms of progressions, and makes the one more fit for the expression of particular ideas than the other; and if a composer makes use of the one in preference to the other, he does so not for its numerical proportions, but because its psychologic character corresponds with the feelings to which he desires to give utterance. The question of real importance to the musical student is, then, not how he may form progressions by the application of mathematical agents, but why the application of those agents leads to results of different character and different musical value. The latter question can only be solved by applying the two fundamental rules on which all sequences, progressions, cadences, &c., are based, and which are these:—1. The nearer two harmonies are related the more easily they join together; and 2. Harmonies not near related may follow upon each other, when the melodious element which pervades their motion is strong enough to counterbalance the harmonic differences of the successive chords. "On these two commandments hang the whole law and the prophets." Give them to the pupil, and he will not only be able to find the different possible modes of progression without the aid of arithmetic rules, but also have a clue to their respective qualities, without the knowledge of which all practical dexterity is perfectly useless. This latter consideration induces me to repeat the request which I made in my first letter, that Mr. Flowers might have the kindness to give examples of different progressive cadences, and explain their qualities and merits. By doing so, he will bestow a real benefit to a numerous class of your readers; and if Mr. Aspull and Mr. Barnett join the discussion, we shall have something worth reading. The three gentlemen have been doing their best to subtract from each other's knowledge (thus acting on Mr. Flowers's system without producing a progressive cadence; but I am satisfied that they have still left enough to enlighten me and most of your readers. I believe that they are all three first-rate musicians; let them resolve their discord into a harmonious triad, and I shall try to make the tetrachord complete by putting a bass to it, singing—

"Vive l'harmonie!"

Trusting that my innocent remarks will give no offence, I am, dear Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

TEUTONIUS.

\* Die alte Musiklehre im Streite mit unserer Zeit. Berlin, 1840.

## MR. FRENCH FLOWERS' PSALM TUNES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Seeing in the *Musical World* of September 9th a statement that Mr. F. Flowers arrogates to himself the arrangement of a set of psalm and hymn tunes, by C. H. Rinck, we beg to lay before you a correct account of the manner in which he became possessed of the work (as we suppose) alluded to. A specimen of a selection of psalms and hymns, with preludes and interludes, arranged by C. H. Rinck, was submitted to our notice by Mr. Ries, and, in consequence, a communication was entered into between ourselves and the arranger; terms were agreed upon, and we received the MSS direct from Mr. Rinck. One half the payment was made through Messrs. Rothschild, and the other half by a bill drawn on us at sight. Throughout the whole transaction we had no assistance from Mr. Flowers. The correspondence was translated to us by Mr. Ries; and we may add, that Mr. Rinck, in most of his letters to us, desired to be very kindly remembered to his friends, Messrs. Ries, Mangold, and Flowers.

Should you deem it necessary, we shall be happy to lay before you the communications from Mr. Rinck to ourselves.

Trusting we are not encroaching too much on your valuable columns, we shall feel obliged by your inserting this note.—We remain, sir, yours respectfully,

408, Oxford Street.

BALIS AND CO.

## BARNETT VERSUS FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—May I request you to insert the following errata in my letter of last Saturday.—Yours,  
JOHN BARNETT.  
September 10, 1848.

## ERRATA.

Page 582, column 1—for "Mr. Aguillar," read "Mr. Aguillar;" for "which escaped him," read "which escape him." Page 582, column 2—for "you're become a bard," &c., read "you've become," &c. Page 583, column 1—for "cannot," read "can not;" *ibid.*, for "as I corrected his examples on a former occasion," read "as I corrected his exercises," &c.

## DUALITY OF THE CRITICAL MIND.

(From "Punch.")

We have heard of such exploits as riding upon two horses at once, and we have been ourselves on speaking terms with a gallant steam-boat tar, who "did bestride" that little "world," his steam-boat, "like a Colossus," with a leg upon each paddle-box; but we never met with such a wonderful instance of the duality of mind as the critic of the *Daily News* has just afforded by including in a single critique a couple of performances, on the same night, at the two Italian Operas. It has been said that a Reviewer, in the discharge of his duty, should look neither to the right nor to the left; but here is an instance of a gentleman who must have taken a terrific squint from Covent Garden to the Haymarket. He must have carried Jenny Lind in one eye, and wrapped up Alboni in the other, or he must have continued running backwards and forwards all night between the two operas, like a melo-dramatic connoisseur whom we once knew, that was accustomed to oscillate for a whole evening between the Surrey and the Victoria, for the purpose of weighing the respective merits of *Ix* (*Anglicé*, Hicks) and Saville. Often, after seeing Miss Vincent rescued from unmerited persecution by the knocking down of a nobleman in ducks, berlins, and other accessories of minor dramatic aristocracy, he has rushed into the Surrey in time to see a murder prevented by a British Tar, who celebrates the triumph of innocence over guilt by darting off into a naval hornpipe. The daily critic whose duality we have noticed must have been a person of this pendulum-like description, for otherwise he could not possibly have favoured us with his remarks on two performances going on simultaneously at two different establishments. How he managed to hear God Save the Queen, like

a bidding at an auction, "in two places," is more than we can comprehend, unless his ears combine asinine length with caoutchoucian elasticity.

## PROVINCIAL.

HULL.—Miss Horton appeared at the Theatre Royal, according to announcement on Monday, and on that and the two succeeding evenings sustained several of her popular characters with an efficiency worthy of the rank in which he is placed amongst our native vocalists and actresses. To-morrow night she will again appear, and on Monday will "take her benefit," which we trust will be a substantial one. On the following evening, the friends of the lessee will have an opportunity of testifying their sense of his judicious enterprise as a caterer for the rational amusement of the public. The company afterwards leave for York.

SOUTHPORT.—Miss Emily Grant's grand concert, under the patronage of the magistrates, was given on Wednesday evening, and was attended by the élite of the town and neighbourhood, who by their hearty and enthusiastic applause testified their thorough appreciation of this young lady's very distinguished talent. Miss Grant possesses a beautiful soprano voice, which has evidently received the highest degree of cultivation, and in the varied styles in which we had the opportunity of hearing her on that evening she evinced an accurate knowledge of all the refinements of the vocal art, in the display of which she was listened to with attention and rapturously applauded and encored. Signor Paltoni is also a singer of considerable power and skill, and was warmly applauded throughout the evening. Mr. Dodd and Mr. Lewis came in for their share of the applause, and Mr. Dodd's humorous song, "Widow Machree," was highly relished. Mr. Lewis conducted with great ability; and altogether the concert was universally considered as one of the best ever given in Stockport.—*Southport Visitor*.

BRISTOL.—On Monday and yesterday evenings, Mlle. Rosati, Julien, and Lamoureux, with M. Georges Martin, appeared at our Theatre. Rosati is certainly an extraordinary dancer, and well deserves her fame; she was encored in several of the pieces. The attendance both last night and Monday night was better than ordinary, but not equal to the merits of the performers, nor a sufficient return for Mrs. Macready's exertions in catering for the amusement of the public.—*Felix Farley's Journal*.

LIVERPOOL.—*Attractive Amateur Performance*.—The public will perceive that the gallant officers of the regiments stationed here have agreed to don "the sock and buskin" in aid of the fund for the relief of the surviving sufferers by the destruction of the Ocean Monarch. The performance is to take place to-morrow evening, at the Royal Amphitheatre. The occasion honours the efforts of the benevolent amateurs, and we shall hope to see the house crowded to excess. The pieces selected for representation are *Charles the Second*, the ballet of *Myrna*, and the farce of *The Unfinished Gentleman*. We understand that Mr. Mark Howard, late of the Adelphi Theatre, has been the chief mover in bringing about this effort of benevolence; and hope the next time he comes before the Liverpool public on his own behalf he will meet with better success than has attended his previous endeavours.—*Liverpool Standard*, Sept. 12.

LIVERPOOL.—*The Saturday Concerts*.—The committee for conducting these concerts, so beneficial and refining to the working classes in particular, commenced their season on Saturday last. The artists on the occasions were Miss Emily Grant, Mrs. Newton, her sister, Miss E. Ward, and Mr. Charles Graham. The hall was crowded to suffocation, and amongst the ladies and gentlemen noticed upon the platform, was John Smith, Esq., who, after the first part of the concert, delivered an appropriate and humorous address on the subject of the new arrangements, by which the committee have resolved to award prizes to such artists as shall produce the best essays on the influence of cheap and rational amusements on the working classes, which was warmly and heartily responded to. Mrs. Newton, who is a pleasing and brilliant singer, gave much satisfaction in Dr. Arne's favorite song, "Where the bee sucks," but she appeared to lack power and energy. Mr. Charles Graham was much applauded throughout the evening, but his most successful effort was in the pretty ballad, "I can never cease to love thee," which he sang with great taste and feeling. Miss Emily Grant, whose first appearance at these concerts, created a complete *furor*. She was encored in all her pieces, and in her song, "Sound the pibroch," the audience would fain have required it a third time, but she modestly declined. The gem of the evening, however, was her rendering of the pathetic Irish ballad, "Savourneen dheelish," which was listened to with breathless attention, as was also "John Anderson my jo," which she substituted for the encore, and sung with equal pathos and effect: and the committee are well entitled to the thanks of the subscribers to these



concerts, for thus affording them an opportunity of hearing this young lady, whose distinguished talents are so well known and appreciated. Miss Ward presided at the piano-forte and played one or two pieces with ability; and, altogether the concert was such as to have given the most general and unmingled satisfaction.—*Liverpool Standard*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MR. WILSON** gave one of his entertainments at the Whittington Club Concert on Wednesday night, which was crowded to excess. He gives a farewell-night in Exeter Hall next Monday, and sings a selection of his favourite songs and ballads; and on the following night he sings in Liverpool, and takes his departure for America in the "Cambria" on Saturday, the 23rd.

**DRURY LANE.**—This theatre will open early in October under the joint management of Mons. Jullien and Mr. Gye, with promenade concerts. Franco's grand equestrian company will reappear during the Christmas holidays.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Bunn has engaged Mr. Nelson Lee to write his Christmas pantomime.

**ADELPHI.**—Great alterations are being made at the little theatre in the Strand, and certainly not before they were required. The spirited manageress has taken the matter in hand with her usual enterprise; and, from all we learn, the Adelphi will shortly become one of the most commodious and elegant theatres in the metropolis. The season will open with a domestic drama of exciting interest, from the combined pens of Dion Boureicault and Charles Lamb Kenny.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—The Sadler's Wells company, including Messrs. Phelps, H. Marston, G. Bennett, and the Mesdames Cooper, Marston, &c., have been starring it lately at this house, during the period required for the enlarging and redecoration of their own theatre, at Islington. *The Lady of Lyons* has been played to capital audiences.

**ALBONI**, with a vocal party, is engaged for a grand concert at Cheltenham, and will make her appearance on the 21st inst.

**JENNY LIND IN IRELAND.**—Mdlle. Lind will make her first appearance in Dublin on the 10th of October. She is engaged for four nights, when she will perform in *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Puritani*, and in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. Roger accompanies her, together with Belletti, F. Lablache, &c.

**MR. MACREADY** sailed from Liverpool by the "Acadia," on Saturday, for America.

**OPERATIC PERFORMANCES AT MANCHESTER.**—A series of lyric performances, under the direction of Mr. Howard Glover, is announced to take place at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, commencing on Saturday, the 23rd instant, with the *Bride of Lammermoor*. The performances will be on a scale of unusual magnitude and completeness. The engagements are—*soprano*, Mesdames Rainforth, Julia Bleden, Rowland and Kate Macnamara; *contralto*, Mesdames Isabella Taylor, Teresa Brooke, and Emily Macnamara; *tenors*, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Myer, and Galli; and *basses*, Messrs. H. Whitworth, Isaacs, and Delevanti. The band and chorus will consist of sixty performers, to be selected from the *elite* of the Manchester artists, aided by the pupils of the New Musical and Dramatic Academy in London.

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—Mr. Barry has submitted to the proper authorities a design for enlarging this edifice; the cost of the execution is not to exceed £50,000. According to this design the entire front will be altered, and the building elevated one story. Almost any change in the "Gallery" would be an improvement.—*Art-Journal*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P.M.'s lines are severely witty, but a little too hard, or, at least, something too exposed for publication. We agree with their spirit.

A SUBSCRIBER OF "THE WORLD" FROM THE FIRST, throws out a good hint; but by following it, we leave it to his candid judgment, should not he, our readers, and we ourselves, be deprived of "marrow of mirth and laughter." 'Tis better as it is. The very thing "Subscriber" objects to is a source of ungratified delight to numbers.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS' letter arrived too late for insertion. We shall give it next week.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILSON'S FAREWELL NIGHT.  
EXETER HALL.

ON THURSDAY Evening, 21st September, at Eight o'clock, Mr. WILSON will give a FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, when he will sing a variety of his most admired songs and Ballads, it being his LAST APPEARANCE previous to his departure for America. Pianoforte, Mr. JOLLEY. Tickets and Programmes may be had at the Music Shops.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.  
A YOUNG MAN,

23 years of age, of good appearance and deportment, having for some time led the Chorus at various Theatres, and being highly complimented therein for the excellence of his voice and his musical acquirements, wishing to become a Public Singer, is desirous that some Professor should take him as a PUPIL for two years, after trial, for the benefit of his engagement and the assistance he might be to him generally. The applicant's voice is a fine firm Barytone, and ranges from Double D, Bass Clef, to F and G. He has studied music under Mr. ROBINSON, of York, and reads music well.

Apply to Mr. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS, 39, Carlisle Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## FOR THE BASS VOICE.

MR. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the ART OF SINGING, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. CRIVELLI, at his residence, No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

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